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The Journals of Philip Lemarchand!

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THE JOURNALS OF PHILIP LEMARCHAND!

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1. *Journal of Management Studies*, 1991, 28, 1.

John Rheauwre

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LEFT: EARLEWING OF THE
TUMULUS, SHEPHERD'S COMPLEX

1999

[illegible]

1994

JOURNAL

I, Philip LeMarchand, in my thirty-second year of life, begin anew this journal of my personal observations and recollections. As in my previous journals, those being written in French, Spanish and Italian, I now begin this in English, a language not unfamiliar to me, but by no means as comfortable as my native French.

For posterity, or those who read this unknowing, I beg your forgiveness.

March 25

I am beginning to doubt the wisdom expressed in the words of Leonardo Da Vinci.

Da Vinci postulates that "one ought to desire the impossible" and that "it is possible to conceive everything that has substance as divisible into an infinite number of parts."

Clearly, the man was not familiar with the properties of steel. This most difficult metal evades my every attempt to conform it to my designs. I grow more frustrated with this material daily, and am beginning to believe that, as a medium with which to ply my ideas, it is not as ideal as I had hoped.

There is one alternative that I had not examined previously. Perhaps Da Vinci was correct in his philosophy, and it is I am not quite the genius I envisioned myself to be. Perhaps I had best put to rest my deluded pursuit of artistic ideals and return to the drafting table. Architecture treated me well and afforded me this opportunity to explore other artistic mediums, expressing my interest in geometry. Is it my punishment for deserting my craft that I am frustrated at every attempt to craft my pseudo beams?

My struggles are somewhat assuaged by my assistant Stephen, a lanky boy of sixteen, whom I had taken on as an apprentice, and as someone to watch over my home while I was away, has proven himself to be most capable in this work, though I find his artistic visions of questionable merit. Still, he is an excellent craftsman, and highly skilled in working with fragile mechanical parts. This comes as no surprise to me, as Stephen is the son of a watch maker, who had already taken on an apprentice of his own, while Stephen was still a young boy.

April 17

I may finally be on route to removing the obstacle of the unyielding properties of steel.

At a recent Lodge meeting, I made the acquaintance of Frederick Brown, to whom I related my artistic difficulties. Mr. Brown was gracious enough to lend me a treatise on secret geometry. It was through this that I learned of the work of Reiss Kunst, which directly reflects my own pursuits. Accompanying the text are illustrations depicting geometric forms with curious titles such as Enoch's Egypt's Welcome and Spiral of Depreciation. The structures depicted by Mr. Kunst are ornate and complex, each a work of art not unlike the forms I hope to create.

Mr. Kunst explains that his work was inspired by grundles crafted in the thirteenth century by Albertus Magnus which, when opened, introduced unknown wisdom to the solver. Reiss Kunst constructed his creations from a material which was previously unknown to him. This material, a dark polished stone, or lacquered wood, felt like a warm, soft metal when touched, even though it was hard and possessed of no measurable radiant heat. Mr. Brown disclosed that he had obtained the treatise from the dealer Antoine de Moret, of whom I have heard much, particularly while living in my native France. Mr. de Moret is reputedly a dealer in all manner of things unusual.

I shall pay Mr. de Moret a visit when I return to France in a few months. In the meantime, I shall do my best to learn more of these creations of Mr. Kunst and Albertus Magnus.



ONE

LOVE AND DEATH



Every love story must end in tragedy. Lovers, even if they don't become disillusioned with one another, or break up, must one day part company. Eventually one of them must die. Every couple must one day become Romeo and Juliet.

It is no wonder then that sex and death, like the serpents on Apollo's caduceus, like the legendary Basilisk and Chidna deep in hell's bowels, should be so intertwined. Every sexual act is both a rehearsal for death and an act of re-creation. There is not one without the other.

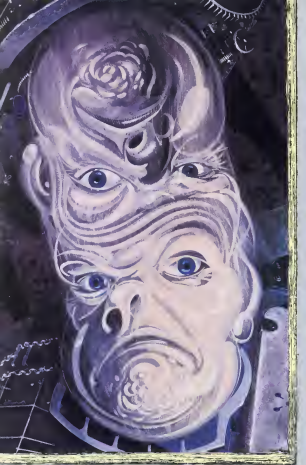
For some, literal death becomes an act of sex. Murder is their aphrodisiac. These people are more common than we would like to believe. One needs only to peer in the nearest mirror to see the reflection of one of these shameful faces.

It is in each of our natures to be morbidly curious. The news is filled with acts of violence, and we are attracted to them, if only as a reaffirmation that we are still alive.

Others initiate these acts of violence for their own gratification, for the reaffirmation that theirs is the power to conquer life, the power to take it. Most of the time it is purely an exercise in pent-up, misdirected rage. Then there are those, the true masters and romantics who understand the hermaphrodite known as pain and pleasure. These masters are not only capable of crossing the fine line between the two, but are capable of blending it so that it becomes indistinguishable, so that the two become one.

In future chapters, we shall explore these twin realms as a passage into something greater, Leviathan in aspect.





May 1

Good fortune smiles brightly upon me this day. Last night, while waiting in the parlor at Madame Tumbledown's, I had the fortune to make the acquaintance of an Englishman, Geoffrey Chance. His fortune has it, Mr. Chance is also a collector of books, with many volumes of esoterica. At first, I was troubled by the occult content of many of the works, but my apprehension became delight as I uncovered numerous references to Albertus Magnus and the "Coenobytes" within these works.

I have found references to the Coenobytes as far back as St. Thomas Aquinas of the twelfth century. These beings, which I first took for the peoples of a particular geographical region, I have discovered are in fact beings of a super-natural order not unlike demons or angels. References to these beings came much more frequently, though with little further illumination, in the works of Agrippa and Pico della Mirandola.

The first significant reference appeared in a work on the Elizabethan Magus John Dee. According to the text, Barnabas Paul, who was Dee's first scribe, evoked the Coenobytes from their own realm and was told numerous secrets of a divine nature. When Bartholomew Hickman, Dee's final scribe, approached him concerning this, Paul denied it entirely.

This text was accompanied by a woodcut of John Dee and Edward Kelley holding a box like the one which was described by Rens Kunt as being of the design of Albertus Magnus. This box appears to be emitting fire from which a Ecnobyte is manifesting itself.

Another book describes the journey of Livingston Merrick into Hell, after calling forth the Ecnobytes through a magical formula of great antiquity.

Upon the Ecnobytes' arrival, Merrick offered to them his services. Livingston went forth with the Ecnobytes into their own realm which he surmised was Hell. Here he found no inferno but an oppressive labyrinth of cold stone. He also learned that it was not Satan who ruled this realm but a great rotating geometric form suspended in the air from which emitted beacons of black light. This form was in fact a being whose law was structure and order. This being was called Lovathon as was the great beast in the Bible. Livingston was in complete awe and fright, and was only spared his own life by offering to provide other beings to the Ecnobytes in the future.

A fascinating fantasy, at best, but in all fantasy I have found, there are elements of both myth and reality. I shall enjoy further research to determine which this is.

June 23

A young man under Monsieur Chance's employ brought to me a bundle containing many of the books that I had previously asked to be delivered from overseas. There were some books which I had not requested, but was neither changed for. How they came into my possession, I know not, and as to their origins, those are surely darker secrets. One book, written in English by a man named Bodecker is a treatise on alternative anatomy of the human body, and contains vast quantities of illustrations of anatomical studies, in which the very structure of flesh and bone has been reshaped and altered, often through artificial means such as buttons and hooks, and through the addition of extra body parts removed from a second person.

The illustrations, though gruesome to behold, are nonetheless fascinating. I can only speculate as to whether or not these experiments were ever tried, and to what purpose of intent. I will have to secrete this book away, so as not to have it discovered by accident.



On the manipulation of the digits and the extension of the forearm.

Aside from the human head, I have achieved my greatest success in redesigning the human hand. It lends itself easily to modification. Adding digits, including a second opposable thumb is a relatively easy procedure. The rearrangement of the numerous muscles and ligaments requires some patience, and it is important to take into account the weaving and placement of the new tissue being introduced into the hand.

In adding a second opposable thumb, it is necessary to completely disassemble the entire palm, and to assemble the articulation for both thumbs simultaneously. Otherwise the articulation of the new thumb will be limited, the *palmar carpal* ligaments may be left intact, however integrating the two *capitular* ligaments as well as the anterior and posterior ligaments so as they can operate independently without interfering with one another, may require some trial and error, as well as a number of pans.

An experiment of a more ambitious nature resulted in a variety of predatory hands. The hands came in two varieties, both with an abundance of necessary complicated surgical reconstructions.





The first design for the predatory hand (fig. 175) included the introduction of a mouth to the palmar aspect. This required that the hand be entirely restructured so that it could not only contain bones making up the upper and lower jaws, but also that the mouth could contain working salivary glands and tongue. The musculature of the digits had to be entirely reorganized in such a way that the phalanges bones could retain full articulation—a most difficult task to be sure. Even under optimum reconfiguration, I have found that the articulation is hindered.

The surgery becomes more extensive in that the entire arm and digestive system must be reorganized to allow passage from the palmar throat into the stomach (fig. 176).

The second design for the predatory hand was one that at first seemed more ambitious,

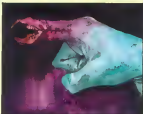
but after securing the methods necessary for the first design, I found that this one was slightly easier to achieve.

What was done was that sets of jaws extracted from rats and weasels were introduced into each of third row phalanges. A functioning musculature, salivary tract, and tongue were worked into each finger tip. A digestive tract, adapted from arctics, was run through each of the phalanges where they joined a major tract.





Fig. 177



beginning in the wrist. The rest of this procedure was the same as in the first design for the predatory hand (fig. 177-178).

Measuring the biting strength of these hand-mouths has been limited, though the palmar mouth is capable of crushing a walnut in its jaws. The mouth is quite capable of eating, though not as efficient, particularly so for the finger-mouths. The food must be chewed considerably before swallowing. The co-phagus of the hand and arm requires a great deal of contracting to move the food to the stomach and can be clogged easily, by inadequate mastication, or by the introduction of too much food.

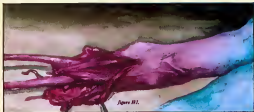
Though studying the anatomy of oes and beas, it is discerned that retractable claws can also easily be added to the arsenal of the hand, though it is more difficult to do so in conjunction with one already re-configured into the predatory hand (fig. 179). Claws are most effective if fashioned from metal.

As with other bones, the bones of the forearm may be extended in either of two ways; through artificial means using metal rods, or through the grafting on of other bones

In extending the ulna, it is best to saw through the host bone a few inches below the upper end of the *flexor digitorum profundus*. As with other bones, this should be done at an angle. The donor bone should be severed just below the *Brachioradialis anastomosis* (fig. 180).

With the radius, it is important to manipulate the new length of the bone in proportion to the extension given to its companion ulna. Here the cut of the host bone should be done at the base of the *flexor digitorum profundus*. The donor bone should be cut a few inches above (fig. 181). In grafting the foreign bone to the host it should be done so in the same manner as I described in the section on grafting procedures.

Depending on the length that the limb is to be extended, it may be necessary to perform extensive surgery to the skin and musculature. The necessity of such additional surgery can be determined by consulting the section on the elasticity of skin and the section on the elasticity of muscle.



August 5

Today I payed a visit to the chateau of Antoine de Moret, and related to him my tales of artistic frustration. At story's end, Mr. de Moret rose to his feet and removed a slender volume from one of the bookcases aligning his walls. From the inside of the book he removed several loose sheets of paper, which he explained were from the diary of Gilles de Rais.

I was no stranger to the legend of Gilles de Rais. My very father would relate to me stories of the lieutenant of Jeanne d'Arc, who was later executed for murdering over a hundred children as sacrifices to the devil. He had become something of a bogeyman to the children of France.

I learned, leafing through the pages handed to me by Mr. de Moret that Gilles de Rais was not evoking devils, but a Conchete, as it is spelled here, who called himself Baron. Gilles de Rais first learned of the Conchetes through an Angevin knight in 1426 who was subsequently imprisoned, accused of heresy. Mr. de Moret assures me that the formula contained within the sheets of paper now in my possession, is the formula used by Gilles de Rais. Upon this revelation, I am filled with a tingling of intense anticipation.

Mr. de Moret excused himself from the room momentarily, and returned holding a box which I recognized immediately. Monsieur de Moret noted my expression and grinned knowingly. It is box which Albertus Magnus created. I purchased both the pages and the box at considerable cost, requiring that I offer my architectural services when I am returned to New York. My ship leaves on the morrow.

August 7

I am currently overcome by feelings of guilt and fear unlike any I've previously experienced. I am certain that this is a feeling similar to what is felt by a murderer fearful of being discovered for his foul deed. Part of me is still uncertain that the events of last night actually occurred as I remember them, or that they actually occurred at all. I cannot write what I have seen. I





Living in a cave in the valley of Hinnom,
he who would become this Cenohite
made his living stoking the fires
that brought suffering and death to others.

Worship of the pagan god Molech
required a hot flame to roast the children
the deity demanded in sacrifice, and Gehenna
kept the blaze permanently burning,
foregoing a salary in exchange for
the right to fill his belly
with the cooked flesh of youth.

Pre-history has kept most of its own secrets,
but what emerged from the growing pile of bones
to reveal itself to the fire-tender
was older still than time. A criss-crossing
collection of mandible and tibia, coccyx and
parietal bone, stripped clean and pure by the
unholy flame, requiring only a simple realignment
to bring out the simple yet divine pattern that
whispered, demanded, to be seen.

Gehenna walked into his own fire
that epiphanous day, hands reaching to shift
the skeletal remains of nameless boys and girls
into a forbidden configuration
whose secret name inspired madness.

As his own flesh melted away,
running down through the gateway into Hell
thrown wide by his actions, an inner fire ignited,
burning bright for a living god called Leviathan.

A fanatic's zeal to spread the good word.

Not every book in Hell rests on the shelves of Balbertth's library. Some grimoures are even too twisted for the general cenobitic populace, and so must be removed from central circulation. These living books recording even greater living evils are for the reference of the lord of hell, Lertathan, alone.

Griot is one such book. Bloated and grotesque, Griot's very flesh has become a seemingly fluid tapestry of the history of hell.

Every event of even the slightest importance in the history of Hell has been tattooed onto his own bloated flesh, by Griot himself. Using needles made from metal and carved bone taken from his own father, andinks mixed of tainted blood, sweat and urine as ink, Griot creates his majestic art, of himself.

Peeling back fold after fold, his girth is the key to his survival. For, like his father before him, and his father's father and so on, when Griot has marked his last inch of flesh, his usefulness will be at an end. And he will soon follow.

On that day, his skin will be flayed from his body and hung like curtains from the walls of his chamber, his torch passed on to another. And on that day, the hall which serves as the record keepers home will be less drafty, if darker.

Ever, darker.





The halls of hell are rampant with the patter of little feet--the appendages of those specially damned as the Cenobites' pets. The pets are denizens of a middle ground, between those worthy of cenobitic advance, and those especially damned to the mercy of these elite. They are ever to know the tortures of transformation, but never the pleasures of training the flesh themselves.

But there are special exceptions.

Sazerbil the flayer, for example, cannot exist without the symbiotic relationship he maintains with those captured souls he keeps as pets. The Cenobite is constantly torn away and eaten by his pets. In turn, his stripped flesh is later re-attached to his being through the use of nails and needles by his pets. Often he will replace his missing skin with theirs.

His own body is a testimony of change and the malleability of the human body. It has been reworked and restructured countless times. It is generally believed that Sazerbil was guiding Franz Bodecker when he wrote his treatise on alternative anatomy. Whether or not this is so is another matter entirely, but there are few Cenobites more fascinating to behold than one who allows his tormented prisoners to inflict their own punishments upon their keeper.

As a man, Burning Tom had been a tom of a different nature. Peering through the windows and keyholes of his town, he learned all its darkest secrets. Hateful of touch, Tom took these secrets as his lovers. He especially cherished those whose hidden deeds consumed them in the pursuit of intense pleasure, or extreme suffering. Often he would find both, uniting together in some desperate carnal frenzy. He marveled at this special passion, reaching out through whichever orifice he peered, beckoning from safe distance.

When he was called into service, he was not remade as a Cenobite. Leviathan saw another purpose for Tom.

Naked and perpetually aroused, Burning Tom endlessly races the corridors of hell. His halo burns the color of twilight in the presence of extreme torment and of dried blood in the presence of extreme pleasure. It is by these colors that the Cenobites determine the degrees of intensity required to discipline the damned, and adjust accordingly.

The living mirror to the souls of the damned races on.





Baron is but one of his many names. He has served, in his time, as mentor, instructor, tour guide and art historian in the service of the Order of the Gash. An artisan himself, he serves Leviathan by contacting others of talent and aspiration, with the promise of ultimate creation, using the material whose origin any denizen of hell would kill for. It is he who creates this material, for, of, and with his lord, and distributes it to those who prove themselves unlucky enough to be worthy.

One of Baron's finest triumphs was in attending the final days of the butcher Gilles de Rais, who was not an artist but a noble who served beside Jeanne d'Arc as a lieutenant in her army. Baron inspired Gilles to commit crimes of such heinous atrocity that his name was nearly expunged from spoken history, but for warnings to bad little children at bedtime.

When asked why he had selected such a low born men for one of his greatest works, Baron responded by saying that art takes many forms. Murder is but one of them.

August 8

I spent most of the night studying the box constructed by Albertus Magnus. After several hours of manipulating the tiny brass plates adorning the surface of the box, the box began to move and shift. Finally tiny hatches, numbering nine upon each face, opened to reveal tiny brass birds which joined to produce a delicate and beautiful harmony unlike any I have heard before.

I also heard through the song of the birds a chiming of distant bells, and noted the scent of vanilla. This was when one of the cabin walls did open up. However, instead of being the cabin adjacent to my own, the opening displayed to me a place other than the adjoining cabin; a dark and cold place, made of stone. This I took to be the Hell described by Livingston Merrick. Out of this passage stepped a sort of man, of most gruesome appearance. His skin was nearly blue, and pulled taut across his skull, giving him a most dreadful grin. His cheeks were rouged, and he seemed heavily perfumed.

I was quite taken aback by his appearance, and the hollow sound of his voice, and know not how I was able to respond, strangely frozen and detached from my own self. Nevertheless, I inquired as to whether or not he was a Conclate. He informed me that he was Baron, Duke of the Order of the Bash. If this is the same Baron with whom Gilles de Rais had had dealings, then truly these Conclates are supernatural beings, as Gilles de Rais first began to contact Baron some three hundred years ago!

I explained that in fact I had been hoping to make contact with one of his Order. His own reaction was to ask me "to what purpose?"

I described to him the events leading to my attempts at evoking him, and my frustrations and failures with steel as applied to my chosen art, and produced for him several of my own sketches for the boxes which I had hoped to construct using this unknown material.

Baron appeared to be quite intrigued by my designs, and asked whence came my inspiration. As I was uncertain how to respond, I told him that they were constructs based on my own fascination with order and geometry. He handed me back my designs and related to me that "you will come as well."

We stepped forth into the hall, and as he opened the door to the seamen's quarters, I asked him what we were doing. He replied that he could not return empty handed, and since I would serve his master best by remaining behind, we would have to procure another person to return in my place. I did not quite take his meaning and was quite dismayed to see Baron as he swiftly dispatched one of the crew. I remember feeling quite helpless, and did require all of my strength to keep myself from crying out, or my legs buckling from beneath me.

I do not recall the events as they transpired after this, not even the memory of going to sleep crosses my mind. I would be eager to dismiss the entire encounter as being a dream were it not for the fact that this morning it was reported that one of the seamen was missing.

I fear that this is but merely the beginning of a long sequence of unsettling events which are to follow. God help me.

Engrave Emblem of the Lament Configuration Box
Design of Imaimon dhtaglio Face
To be inlaid with Bastard's Gold

1999-2000, 2000-2001, 2001-2002, 2002-2003, 2003-2004, 2004-2005, 2005-2006, 2006-2007, 2007-2008, 2008-2009, 2009-2010, 2010-2011, 2011-2012, 2012-2013, 2013-2014, 2014-2015, 2015-2016, 2016-2017, 2017-2018, 2018-2019, 2019-2020, 2020-2021, 2021-2022, 2022-2023, 2023-2024, 2024-2025, 2025-2026, 2026-2027, 2027-2028, 2028-2029, 2029-2030, 2030-2031, 2031-2032, 2032-2033, 2033-2034, 2034-2035, 2035-2036, 2036-2037, 2037-2038, 2038-2039, 2039-2040, 2040-2041, 2041-2042, 2042-2043, 2043-2044, 2044-2045, 2045-2046, 2046-2047, 2047-2048, 2048-2049, 2049-2050, 2050-2051, 2051-2052, 2052-2053, 2053-2054, 2054-2055, 2055-2056, 2056-2057, 2057-2058, 2058-2059, 2059-2060, 2060-2061, 2061-2062, 2062-2063, 2063-2064, 2064-2065, 2065-2066, 2066-2067, 2067-2068, 2068-2069, 2069-2070, 2070-2071, 2071-2072, 2072-2073, 2073-2074, 2074-2075, 2075-2076, 2076-2077, 2077-2078, 2078-2079, 2079-2080, 2080-2081, 2081-2082, 2082-2083, 2083-2084, 2084-2085, 2085-2086, 2086-2087, 2087-2088, 2088-2089, 2089-2090, 2090-2091, 2091-2092, 2092-2093, 2093-2094, 2094-2095, 2095-2096, 2096-2097, 2097-2098, 2098-2099, 2099-2100, 2100-2101, 2101-2102, 2102-2103, 2103-2104, 2104-2105, 2105-2106, 2106-2107, 2107-2108, 2108-2109, 2109-2110, 2110-2111, 2111-2112, 2112-2113, 2113-2114, 2114-2115, 2115-2116, 2116-2117, 2117-2118, 2118-2119, 2119-2120, 2120-2121, 2121-2122, 2122-2123, 2123-2124, 2124-2125, 2125-2126, 2126-2127, 2127-2128, 2128-2129, 2129-2130, 2130-2131, 2131-2132, 2132-2133, 2133-2134, 2134-2135, 2135-2136, 2136-2137, 2137-2138, 2138-2139, 2139-2140, 2140-2141, 2141-2142, 2142-2143, 2143-2144, 2144-2145, 2145-2146, 2146-2147, 2147-2148, 2148-2149, 2149-2150, 2150-2151, 2151-2152, 2152-2153, 2153-2154, 2154-2155, 2155-2156, 2156-2157, 2157-2158, 2158-2159, 2159-2160, 2160-2161, 2161-2162, 2162-2163, 2163-2164, 2164-2165, 2165-2166, 2166-2167, 2167-2168, 2168-2169, 2169-2170, 2170-2171, 2171-2172, 2172-2173, 2173-2174, 2174-2175, 2175-2176, 2176-2177, 2177-2178, 2178-2179, 2179-2180, 2180-2181, 2181-2182, 2182-2183, 2183-2184, 2184-2185, 2185-2186, 2186-2187, 2187-2188, 2188-2189, 2189-2190, 2190-2191, 2191-2192, 2192-2193, 2193-2194, 2194-2195, 2195-2196, 2196-2197, 2197-2198, 2198-2199, 2199-2200, 2200-2201, 2201-2202, 2202-2203, 2203-2204, 2204-2205, 2205-2206, 2206-2207, 2207-2208, 2208-2209, 2209-2210, 2210-2211, 2211-2212, 2212-2213, 2213-2214, 2214-2215, 2215-2216, 2216-2217, 2217-2218, 2218-2219, 2219-2220, 2220-2221, 2221-2222, 2222-2223, 2223-2224, 2224-2225, 2225-2226, 2226-2227, 2227-2228, 2228-2229, 2229-2230, 2230-2231, 2231-2232, 2232-2233, 2233-2234, 2234-2235, 2235-2236, 2236-2237, 2237-2238, 2238-2239, 2239-2240, 2240-2241, 2241-2242, 2242-2243, 2243-2244, 2244-2245, 2245-2246, 2246-2247, 2247-2248, 2248-2249, 2249-2250, 2250-2251, 2251-2252, 2252-2253, 2253-2254, 2254-2255, 2255-2256, 2256-2257, 2257-2258, 2258-2259, 2259-2260, 2260-2261, 2261-2262, 2262-2263, 2263-2264, 2264-2265, 2265-2266, 2266-2267, 2267-2268, 2268-2269, 2269-2270, 2270-2271, 2271-2272, 2272-2273, 2273-2274, 2274-2275, 2275-2276, 2276-2277, 2277-2278, 2278-2279, 2279-2280, 2280-2281, 2281-2282, 2282-2283, 2283-2284, 2284-2285, 2285-2286, 2286-2287, 2287-2288, 2288-2289, 2289-2290, 2290-2291, 2291-2292, 2292-2293, 2293-2294, 2294-2295, 2295-2296, 2296-2297, 2297-2298, 2298-2299, 2299-2300, 2300-2301, 2301-2302, 2302-2303, 2303-2304, 2304-2305, 2305-2306, 2306-2307, 2307-2308, 2308-2309, 2309-2310, 2310-2311, 2311-2312, 2312-2313, 2313-2314, 2314-2315, 2315-2316, 2316-2317, 2317-2318, 2318-2319, 2319-2320, 2320-2321, 2321-2322, 2322-2323, 2323-2324, 2324-2325, 2325-2326, 2326-2327, 2327-2328, 2328-2329, 2329-2330, 2330-2331, 2331-2332, 2332-2333, 2333-2334, 2334-2335, 2335-2336, 2336-2337, 2337-2338, 2338-2339, 2339-2340, 2340-2341, 2341-2342, 2342-2343, 2343-2344, 2344-2345, 2345-2346, 2346-2347, 2347-2348, 2348-2349, 2349-2350, 2350-2351, 2351-2352, 2352-2353, 2353-2354, 2354-2355, 2355-2356, 2356-2357, 2357-2358, 2358-2359, 2359-2360, 2360-2361, 2361-2362, 2362-2363, 2363-2364, 2364-2365, 2365-2366, 2366-2367, 2367-2368, 2368-2369, 2369-2370, 2370-2371, 23

Rebelsian Chain

Host of *Ephialtes*

Valley of Baza

Abstract

Wood of the Connecticut

Voids of Germany

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Valley of the Corn'ard

Mountain
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Canon's-Serpent

WILLIAM SHUTTERMAN 20

Exotic Fitcher

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at STANDARD 20 KING

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WILLIAM SHUTTERMAN 20
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Exotic Fitcher -
Tribute to the Thirty
Tyrants

WILLIAM SHUTTERMAN 20
WILLIAM SHUTTERMAN 20

Valley of Bates

WILLIAM SHUTTERMAN 20

WILLIAM SHUTTERMAN 20

WILLIAM SHUTTERMAN 20
WILLIAM SHUTTERMAN 20

August 30

Normally, I am quite regular in my sexual manners, however, tonight I found myself acting in ways which at once frightened and excited me. Tonight, I visited Madame Turtledove, and requested my favorite companion, my Anna. I began in the usual manner, but soon became angered at Anna's sad eyes. I slapped her hard, which only made her appear sadder. Cruel spite rose in me and I struck her again. Hitting her and noting her hurt reaction brought about pleasurable feelings—until I found myself lost in a red haze that only ended upon my albeit cruel satisfaction upon the girl. I then withdrew from Anna, and from the house, thanking Madame Turtledove on my way. I then returned to my home, where I consumed vast quantities of drink and fell to fitful sleep.

When I returned home, my loving assistant Stephen did undress me and put me to bed. Being a weak boy, he accomplished this with great difficulty.

Unable to sleep and finding a need to satisfy my sexual inclinations, I called for Stephen to return to my chamber. Upon his return I began to fondle the boy and did undress him. He appeared uneasy throughout my attentions, but did produce a lovely erection. I then took him to bed, and my gentle manner soon grew rough as it did with Anna, and after beating the boy, I did force entry into him and satisfy myself.

September 5

It has been nearly eighteen hours since I began boiling the material in the combined fat of Stephen and the whore. I am anxious for the remaining hours to pass, and have spent the time preparing my tools and by studying my plans and sketches.

September 6

At last the time has come! Having removed the slab from the vat and wiped it free of clinging fat, I have begun to test its malleability. It's plasticity is not unlike that of lead or of a hard clay that requires much kneading. I have also experimented with its resistance to my tools, and find that it is extremely easy to work with. It seems to share several of the same properties of steel, while being far more resilient, and easy to manipulate. Though the qualities of my designs are extremely intricate, I foresee rapid progress in their execution.

October 9

The newspapers are full of stories pertaining to the disappearances of numerous people throughout the area. The police are baffled, yet do not suspect that these people have met their ends in any criminal manner. I do not fear my discovery at their hands, yet am worried about Madame Fawltedore, who I believe suspects my involvement in the disappearances.

Enthus Emblem of the Lament Configuration Box
design of the Phiaros Antaglor Pace
Bastardi Gold onlaid - to be used

2004-2005 年 10 月 20 日

Schotram of the
Pomacharius

STONED BY THE
CROWD IN 1904
DURING THE

Journal of Interpersonal Violence 32(10) 1835-1850

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Chains will conform to
the Climatic Chambers
27, 35, 45

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01/08/2014

April 5

The authorities continue to be baffled by the numerous disappearances. I have not been questioned since the disappearance of the Chance family, yet am no longer afraid that I will be discovered as the person responsible. I am certain that Leviathan would never allow me to come to any harm, as I am an agent of great importance to his cause. Surely if any danger were to present itself to me he would send the Comchites forth to rescue me.

April 6

Madam Turtledove was most adamant about my not seeing Anna. In fact she ordered me to never step foot within her doors again. I was prepared for this action on her part. Before she could ask some of the attending gentlemen to escort me out, I managed to convince her that tonight would be my final visit. A sharp retort on her behalf about how I was not mistaken as she would see to it that the police made sure of that, was halted when I produced from within my bag "the Box of Sorrows."

My fears had clearly preceded me as judged by her expression at seeing the box. I explained to her the amount paid for such devices at the recent auction, and told her that it was hers, free of charge, if she were to allow me one final visit, alone, with Anna, and if she were to make no mention, nor ask any questions pertaining to this visit. Madame Turtledove, being far from a stupid woman, agreed to my terms.

Though far from stupid, she was certainly ignorant. I could guess that she was estimating the amount of money she would acquire by selling the box after she had had the pleasure of reliving it herself. If only she knew what high price she would have to pay herself upon learning the box's secrets.

Anna was horrified at my entry into her chamber. Clearly she had expected Madame Turlidove to keep her promise to keep me away from her. She screamed and threw various objects in my direction. She was no longer the lovely sad-eyed girl that I had fallen in love with. She was still covered in heavy brouns and numerous scars from my previous visit. Her sad eyes were now only filled with hostility.

I locked the door behind me, to keep out any who should hear her cries and come to assist her. Having done so, I removed another box from my bag, the one I did not design, the *Albertus Magnus* configuration. I began to manipulate its surfaces as she watched, somehow fascinated, while still trying to retreat from my slow advance. Upon reliving the puzzle, the various signs manifested themselves and I took delight in Anna's fear and confusion. The *Conobites* from Gregory's room came forth, Baron, this time was among them. I gestured to Anna who was cringing and weeping in the corner. I noted that both her bladder and her bowels did fail her. "Another offering. Rush which requires instruction."

"And what for you," asked the leader. His eyes gazed at the female *Conobite* of my intimate familiarity. She returned his glance.

I surprised them, pleasantly I think, with my request. "I wish to be the instructor."



3rd force of the
Arabic Letter
"H"

Gates of Death

Shadow
of Death

the Unity of
Creation

Gard of Tribute to
Bal Zeboub

Pit of
Corruption

the old number
"5"

- to complete the
elementary multiplicity

$$H=A+H+5+1$$

= 9

- the number of diseases, 7
and the number of diversity, 2

Mise of Clay

100

September 12

Visited upon Monsieur de Moret today. I brought with me by coach the requested items, including a sealed crate, filled with two completed skeletons, nine skulls in various condition, and a vast quantity of charred pieces removed from my cellar. I also brought a parcel containing the number of pearls required including "The Troubled Walk," "The Hollow Heart," "The Child's Own Loss," "The Jeweled Enigma," "The Diviner's Secret Window," and "Free The Broken Spirit."

Antoine de Moret was quite pleased with my accomplishments, and quite readily handed to me the slender volume as promised. As we parted company, he bid that God walk with me, and that it was now up to my own caution, as to whether or not our paths would meet again.

Upon returning home, I have studied the instructions on desecrating the Conobites, and shall now copy this information elsewhere into this journal so as to have it immediately at hand in case its use becomes necessary.

October 13

I have returned to my work in order to clear my mind in regards to the recent events which have transpired against me. I have finished "Pilgrim and Shadow," in time to receive the post, which includes my rejection from the contest announced to design the President's house. Though my design was well admired, it was felt by the committee that due to the recent controversy surrounding my personal life, it would not be proper for them to include me in such an endeavor of public importance.

I thought that my design for the President's house, would increase my favor with Leviathan, as it would bring to him control of the government of the colonies. Alas, this is not to be, and I find I must call upon Leviathan and his soldiers to help me out of the mire of circumstances I have been caught in.

November 2

In manipulating the Albertus Magnus box, I have discovered that it will no longer display its wonders to me. Nor will my own creations. Even the ritual from the diary of Gilles de Rais produces no results. I am fearful that Leviathan has been quick to abandon me in my hour of greatest need. Antoine de Moret clearly timed his visit to the most opportune time. His warning makes me believe that I have been a tremendous fool to believe that these denizens of Hell would protect me any more than they did Eustas or Gilles de Rais.

THIS
END UP



8729

known sightings of any of the children.

Additional Resources

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LeMARCHAND, PHILIP (1717- ?), was a French architect, artisan, and designer who is posthumously credited as possibly one of the most prolific, if undiscovered, mass murderers in the history of the modern world. He first became known for his creation of bizarre, intricately designed music boxes which quickly became the rage of Europe.

The boxes, known in some circles as LeMarchand Boxes, were each one of a kind creations which were also puzzles, with the answer to one's ultimate heart's desire as their solution.

At the height of his career, Paris was besieged by scandalous multiple disappearances of noteworthy individuals, a number of whom had purchased LeMarchand's puzzle boxes.

Suspicious, though unconfirmed, tell upon the sculptor / architect, especially inasmuch as LeMarchand's apprentice, the son of a respected clock maker, was one of

the first to disappear.

Amidst this notoriety, LeMarchand fled Europe without selling his home. Apparently certain that the authorities were closing in on him, LeMarchand discarded his already floundering career. The exact charges which would have been brought against him are unknown, for most legal records regarding LeMarchand were either expunged after his disappearance, or destroyed in the early part of World War Two. LeMarchand, like Moses the lawgiver found his name struck from most records. **The Legend.** In certain circles, the name LeMarchand is synonymous with dread and horror. The "architect of the damned" served agents far more sinister than those served by Hitler's own architect, Albert Speer. The atrocities performed by LeMarchand made him one of France's most infamous figures, rivaled only by the DeVincouver family and Gilles de Rais (who had a profound effect on LeMarchand's own coupling of what he called the "Lords of Order").

Yet, despite his notoriety, little is actually known about the man himself. Almost all of the information we have is based on rumor and speculation. Nearly all of his architectural creations were destroyed during World War II, and very few records remain.



A classic example of LeMarchand's architectural genius. One of the earliest, and most complex of his geometric period.

documenting the events in his life. We do know that he was educated at the Académie Royale de Peinture et Sculpture in Paris in the early seveneenth hundreds, that he was a freemason, that he moved to New York to pursue "more lofty pursuits than the mundane and oppressive tedium of a drafting table," that he later entered a competition to design the President's House, and that he had a devoted interest in the occult.

It is this last association of Philip LeMarchand, that has resulted in his infamy. It was LeMarchand's interest in the supernatural which directly influenced the creation of his multitude of highly sought after puzzle boxes, which are rumored to either reveal great secrets and pleasures when solved, or death and the atrocities of Hell, depending on who you listen to.

Until now, the best references we had on LeMarchand and his works were two articles by Valentina Sprague ("Architect of the Damned," *Pentacle*, June 1967,

"Leviathan's White House" *Pentacle*, February 1975) one of which posed the question of what would have happened had LeMarchand been commissioned as the architect of the White House, since this would have followed the creation of his puzzle boxes. The other article was an attempt to re-create the events which brought Leviathan's material into LeMarchand's possession.

Beyond this the only major surviving references are a brief mention in Bolinger's *Encyclopedia of the Occult* (1946) and a chapter on his architecture in Kaufmann's *French Architecture of the Eighteenth Century* (1936), which reveals little biographical information about the man himself, but does contain numerous illustrations of LeMarchand's buildings which no longer exist themselves.

Late Architecture. It is known that LeMarchand did live for several years beyond his disappearance from French and British artistic and social circles. He made a living by selling his puzzles throughout Europe, at a substantial decrease to what he was receiving for them at auction during the height of his fame. He supplemented this income by returning to architectural design. This we know from the completion dates of buildings ascribed to him. These buildings, numbering about thirty, are all believed to have been larger versions of his puzzle boxes.

The majority of these structures, again, are believed to have been destroyed during the World Wars. Others met their end in suspicious blazes, and in order to make room for newer buildings. We also know that a few of his architectural designs were not carried out until well after his death. The world famous Carbondale Hansen's Disease Center is one of these.

The Final Years. There are surprisingly few documents in existence to provide us with the missing information. Reportedly the de More family purchased the contents of LeMarchand's New York house, where the



Philip LeMarchand, at the height of his career, painted this self portrait allegedly using not oil, but human fat as it's base. The original disappeared in World War II.

horrors depicted in this journal were committed. The house itself was razed to the ground as an abode of evil, and the site remained a vacant lot for a number of years. The site, at 70 Washington Square South, now houses New York University's Elmer Holmes Bobst Library, which strangely enough, structurally represents one of LeMarchand's boxes.

LeMarchand's Legacy. It is believed this genius constructed more than 270 of his puzzle boxes before he vanished. These boxes change hands rapidly, as is expected, though there are a few collectors, who are interested in the boxes as objects of admiration, and have no interest in working their wonders.

One of LeMarchand's boxes has even appeared recently on the album cover of the goth rock group, The Cult of Joseph, showcasing a release entitled *Chain of Souls*. The agency representing the band recently announced that the band's tour bus had mysteriously disappeared between engagements in Muncie and Gary, Indiana.

As to whether or not LeMarchand made his peace with God, that is the biggest enigma remaining. Who knows what the consequences of solving it will bring? We know that in order for LeMarchand to create his boxes, he needed human fat, lots of it, so therefore he had to murder a great deal. This he must have done quietly, taking only people whose absence would go unnoticed, for we have no records of any European manhunt during the time he returned to France.

LeMarchand was 94 years old when he checked into L'Hotel D'Amas. He was never seen checking out. When the hotel management finally entered his room they found it empty except for the furnishings, and one of LeMarchand's own boxes which sat on the floor amongst a great deal of blood. LeMarchand's final exit.

Or was it? For all we know, this could be the scene of another one of LeMarchand's

offerings to the Cenobites. He, himself could have slipped quietly away, dying in obscurity for all we know. During his time there was much speculation. No obituary ever appeared for him, and reported sightings of him, including back in the Colonies, became nearly as frequent as today's Elvis sightings.

We may never know what happened to Philip LeMarchand. Any journals that he may have kept following his flight from New York remain missing, and even if they were to turn up, who, other than Brian Tolquist, has ever had the fortune to write an entry relating their own death? Nonetheless, LeMarchand's dark legacy continues to affect



Geoffrey Chance, an Englishman and collector of books on the macabre. He and his family were believed among LeMarchand's first victims.

our world to this day.

Additional Resources

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 Holt, Laura. *Architecture and Madness*. Bell Publishing, 1924.
 Klaus, Isadora. *Of Hell, Leviathan*, 1928.

THE LAMENT CONFIGURATION

LeMarchand's first, and arguably most classic, puzzle construct. Its complexity was managed by expanding on the design of a similar box designed and constructed by Albertus Magnus in the thirteenth century. When operated properly, a pleasing melody issues from within which belies it's true nature.

Philip LeMarchand allegedly murdered fourteen persons in order to construct this box.



THE TRIUMPH OF JUDAS

This was the ninth box created by Philip LeMarchand though it was the second one he had conceptualized. He based its workings on the secret geometry contained in "The Last Supper" by Leonardo DaVinci.

At this point it is believed he had murdered thirty-seven people.



LOVES EASY TEARS

This was LeMarchand's tenth puzzle construct. The surface panels were designed to be manipulated in the same manner and order as the bones in Anna's body were removed by LeMarchand and the Cenobites following her rejection of LeMarchand's marriage proposal. It is said that working this box brings an intense feeling of depression to the manipulator.

One fifty-four people had now fallen victim to LeMarchand.



THE HOLLOW HEART

This fourteenth puzzle of LeMarchand's is activated by arranging the numerous surface plates in a manner similar to the arrangement of the streets of New York City in the time of its construction.

Ninety-six people had now been murdered.



November 5

I have made up my mind. I intend to destroy any evidence of my crimes as well as my involvement with the occult and after selling my property shall return to France where I will set about redeeming myself in the eyes of God, so help my soul. I shall overcome my wretched past. I shall. I must.

Marc McLaurin
Director

Tom Daning
Associate Director

Carl Potts
Executive Director

Tom DeFalco
Director of Club

Kevin Somers
Pres.

Stephanie Fogle
Mythmaking

Dan Carr
Maria Parwulski
Journalists

For the very first time, we have *Our People*. You
see, we still have a lot of questions. So it's not enough to have it.
There's *What People* we need, I don't get it right.

M



His name is infamous in halls where no voice is heard above a whisper. His deeds are still used to hush crying children with the salve of fear, to pacify through terror. He is Philip LeMarchand, creator of the puzzle box whose solution opens wide the gates of the damned. His evil is legendary, even in hell.

Here, for the first time in the annals of the Hellraiser mythos, explore the personal diaries of Hell's most famous artist, artisan, architect and arch fiend.

\$4.95 US \$5.75 CAN £3.50 UK



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HELLRAISER